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ONE PENNY.  
No. 163 Vol. IV.

# CITY

# JACKDAW

ONE PENNY.  
Dec. 27, 1878.



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TO THE READERS OF  
**BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.**

IT is now within a few weeks of ten years since this journal began, and the steady support it has received shows that there are plenty in Lancashire and the north country generally who are willing to recognise honest efforts for their amusement and instruction. The generous encouragement we have had in the past is at once a stimulus and justification for greater exertion in the future. The time is one of progress, and we must move with it; neither scorning the old ways nor neglecting new paths of pleasure or profit. We have tried to make the *Journal* pleasant reading, for it is of more importance than philosophers imagine that people should be amused and made to feel happy. In the past we may claim to have done something to promote honest mirth and kindly feeling. We have been aided by many able contributors—Alexander Hume; James Dawson; E. T. Rycroft; John Shackleton; James Barnes; W. Darbyshire; J. C. Twist; H. Roscoe Dumville; Frank Fearnley; T. Derby; John Walker; "Cygnet"; J. J. Freeman; Benjamin Wood; R. H. Bealey; Jerry Lichenmoss; Fanny Forrester; Jennie Heywood; "Sabina"; Miss Smith; and "M. R. L."

To this list we shall continually make additions. Aided by these friends, old and new, we propose, with the coming year, to begin a fresh series of the *Journal*. We intend the paper to remain as it ever has been—distinctly Lancashire in character and feeling. Not, however, in any narrow fashion will this be done. Fiction is one of the oldest and one of the most effective forms of literature; and we shall endeavour by its aid to hold up the mirror to nature, and to show the virtues, the failings, the sufferings, the vices, and the humours of mankind; to be honest and kindly without maudlin sentiment; and to be plain-dealing without grossness or vulgarity.

We shall try to make some of the highways and byways of Lancashire better known than they are, to introduce his country consins to the townsman, and to show the villagers what the great towns are like.

In this ramble in town and country we shall have something to say of the many historic events which made Lancashire famous in the past as in the present. We must not forget that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and shall sometimes picture scenes that are far away. If we can visit these foreign places in the company of a Lancashire lad, it will not diminish but heighten our pleasure.

We shall not forget that Lancashire has played a brilliant part in the history of science. The names of Horrox, Dalton, Joule, Buxton, Percival, and especially of the many working men who have won distinction as botanists and mathematicians, shows that there is in our midst an active desire to learn the secrets of nature. Perhaps this love of the bright things of field and sky comes as a recompense to the thousands who live and work in the grim city. From time to time our readers will have glimpses into the fairyland of science.

No one can look upon this district without noticing the quick fading away of old customs, old ideas, old words, and old buildings. We cannot recall them to active life. We might as usefully try to bring back the sunshine of last summer; but we can keep their memory green by leaving on permanent record the many ways in which the present time differs from the age of Tim Bobbin or of Edmund Spenser.

We desire the *Journal* to be in the future, as in the past, a friendly gathering where all will be welcome who know how to say something that is worth hearing, whether that something be a graphic sketch, a remembrance of travels at home or abroad, a scientific novelty, a biography of some departed worthy, a bit of folk-lore, a good song, or a pleasant tale.

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WIND PILLS**

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH.  
GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.  
GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.  
GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.  
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GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.  
GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.  
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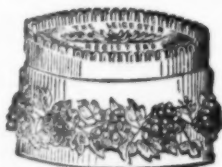
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

DECEMBER 27, 1878.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.  
 The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

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 Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New  
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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

-A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 163.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## MR. GLADSTONE FOR MANCHESTER.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

THE enthusiasm with which the proposal that Mr. Gladstone should be formally asked to contest the representation of Manchester has been received by the Council of the Liberal Association, and by the whole of the party in the borough, possesses a significance, quite apart from the desire of which it is the manifestation, to recognise the services of Mr. Gladstone is the most effective way open to us. The Liberal party is strong in Manchester; infinitely stronger than would appear from the mere numerical majority, large as it was, which returned Mr. Jacob Bright at the last election; but it must be admitted to be no easy task to keep it together. If every Tory and every Liberal who has a vote could be brought to use it at a given election, I, for one, little doubt that the majority of Liberals would be nearer ten thousand than it apparently is to two thousand. The difficulty, however, as the gentlemen who conduct elections well know, is to secure anything like unanimity even amongst those who do exercise their voting power. It is a difficulty indeed which is not confined to Manchester. A large portion of the Liberal party in nearly every constituency has, consciously or unconsciously, got the idea into its head that the true sign of a progressive spirit is a decided objection to travel at the same pace as the other horses which help to draw the coach, and there are probably a great number of very worthy and honest people who would be surprised to learn that fixity of principle and obstinate tenacity of particular and exclusive propositions are not synonymous phrases. But in Manchester the party is peculiarly liable to these delusions, because we have here the head quarters of many societies and associations which draw no inconsiderable amount of their support from the people of the city, who are naturally much attached to institutions in the management or control of which they have a large share, and who are therefore led to attribute undue relative importance to their hobbies. I am here simply stating what I believe to be facts. The United Kingdom Alliance, the Women's Suffrage Association, and other associations of a kindred nature are entitled to all the respect that can be accorded to honest and philanthropic movements, but it is also a fact that that portion of the Liberal party which is not identified with these movements cannot reckon with certainty on the support of those who are, sometimes indeed cannot reckon at all, except under inadmissible conditions. For these reasons, therefore, one is justified in attaching peculiar significance to what, as far as can be ascertained, is the absolute unanimity with which the proposed candidature of Mr. Gladstone has been received. It shows that even people who are usually irreconcilable—using the word in anything but an offensive sense—except on condition of having their own way, may be induced to refrain from insisting on the adoption of their specialities when they stand in presence of a supreme danger to which, as far as the Liberal portion of this constituency are able, we desire to apply a supreme remedy. There may, let me remark in passing, be a subsidiary reason why the decision of the Liberal Council last Friday week was received with so much enthusiasm. Probably, each individual member of the party had begun to think it high time for us to know who the second candidate was to be. It is no secret that all sorts of suspicions and fears have been floating about for a good many months past, and though these suspicions were, perhaps, unjust and unjustifiable, they nevertheless tend to shake confidence, and therefore to destroy unity. Manchester would probably prove an unlucky course for a "dark horse," and yet a good many people have feared that at the last moment they would be compelled to bet on such an animal, without the slightest chance of hedging.

For there is one point on which it is of the utmost importance that the

party should not deceive itself, and that is that the next election will be a much hotter fight than the last was. We must recognise the fact that Mr. W. H. Houldsworth is a far stronger candidate than Mr. F. S. Powell, for some reasons which will be obvious, and for others not so plain, but which, as my business is not now with the Conservative candidate, I need not dwell upon. One reason may be mentioned, and that is, that he is getting ample time to make himself known, and I will pay Mr. Houldsworth a compliment in homely language by saying that the more rope he gets the less likelihood does there seem of his hanging himself—politically speaking, of course. We, on the contrary, have all this time laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing who our candidate was to be. For the present the matter is settled so far as we are concerned, though Mr. Gladstone may possibly have given his answer before this article is printed. If so, and if the answer should be unfavourable, whereat we need not be surprised, it is to be hoped that the question will not be allowed again to fall into abeyance. Such a course would not only be cowardly; it would also be stupid. If Mr. Gladstone will not stand, then those who have anything to say, any proposition to make, or any scheme to carry out, ought to speak at once. Before leaving the problem which we expect Mr. Gladstone soon to solve for us, I should like to try and answer one objection which has been advanced by the Tories. It is said that since Mr. Gladstone is leaving Greenwich because he cannot attend to its local interests, it would be absurdly inconsistent in him to come to Manchester, of which the local interests are so much greater. But the fact is that Manchester has, properly speaking, no local interests in the sense in which the interests of Greenwich are local. The interests of this city—other than those of a purely municipal character—are really identical with the interests of at least one-half of the kingdom, or at the very least with those of the most important part of England, while the interests of Greenwich are not only local, but exclusive, and, indeed, antagonistic to those of the rest of the country, because they are chiefly connected with warlike expenditure, for which we have to pay, and on which the people of Greenwich make a profit. If Mr. Gladstone attended to the interests of Manchester, he would really be looking after imperial concerns, and this, it seems to me, sufficiently vindicates him from the charge of inconsistency brought against him in anticipation.

Whatever may be the result, Manchester, at least, does itself honour in asking Mr. Gladstone to become its representative, and the proposal is, moreover, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. There would be a special appropriateness in the largest constituency in the kingdom being represented by the most eminent statesman the English people have known, and no answer to the attacks which have been made upon him could be more conclusive than that which would be given by twenty-five thousand of the electors of Manchester. The question that would be thus answered is not merely a personal or party one. It is not whether Mr. Gladstone is a popular man, or whether the Liberal party is stronger than the Tory. It is a question whether truth and justice and honour ought to be the principles on which the policy of England should be based, or whether craft and dishonesty shall be triumphant, and worshipped for its success. Within the last four years the whole aspect of English policy has changed; the policy with which we were familiar no longer, indeed, exists, and sharper eyes than mine discern the signs of a coming struggle, in which, if we are vanquished, we shall receive no quarter. The hopes and the fears of parties in the nation centre in Mr. Gladstone, as they have never done round any other English statesman. One might almost say that nearly every man who can write looks to Mr. Gladstone for counsel if he is in a difficulty, and though the questions are often silly and the answers not always judicious, the fact is one of very remarkable import. Whoever heard of anyone, even a Tory, writing to Lord Beaconsfield for advice on any subject—to that "fine old English gentleman," according to Mr. O. O.

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Walker, who perhaps holds the belief that the lost ten tribes of Israel and the English nation are one and the same people? It is unquestionable that, consciously or not, the great bulk of the British nation regard Mr. Gladstone, with all his faults, which no one need deny or extenuate, since they are infinitely preferable to many men's virtues, as the exponent of everything that is thoroughly English, while even Lord Beaconsfield's most ardent supporters are compelled to account for his Oriental facts by an Imperial fiction. It is no mere figure of speech to call Mr. Gladstone's services to this country priceless. We are, indeed, beginning to find out how invaluable just as, and just because, we seem to be on the point of losing all the fruits of those services. To his exertions, the supporters of the Government have with virulent hatred confessed, is due our non-intervention in the Russo-Turkish war; and surely no greater title to the gratitude of a nation can be imagined than that. By him, too, had there only been time, had not the Government learned that iniquitous designs are more likely to be successful if conducted in secret, we should probably have been prevented from engaging in this most infamous war with Afghanistan—a war so wicked in its conception, so utterly unjustifiable and unnecessary in execution, that one can hardly conceive how the Englishmen in the Cabinet lent themselves to it, except we suppose that the love of place and power has become with them the ruling passion, strong even unto the death of other people. Ministerialists are fond of telling us that impartial history will assess the merits of the present Government. It will most assuredly do so. It will relate that in less than four years they did what in their day to destroy the commerce by which the country lived; it will show that they did their best to plunge us into one war, the end of which no man could have seen, and, failing that, led us into another, the end of which few thinking men care to look for; it will exhibit the terrible fact that from a position of prosperity the bulk of the working population of the country was in these fatal four years reduced to a state of starving pauperism; it will record that after centuries of freedom, calm and far-seeing Englishmen began to tremble for the liberties of the nation; and that after a long and beneficent career, Parliament, till then supreme, found itself almost, as it were, in a moment, become a practical nonentity—all this history will record, and much more, in the process of assessing the merits of the Tory Government of 1874. And, in summing up the acts and words of these times, it will also show that never was a great opportunity more nobly used than that which forced itself upon the leader of the Liberal party, that no claim could be greater than that which he has made out to the everlasting gratitude of those who shall come after us, and that no reward would be in excess of his deserts. And when all the sleuth hounds that have set themselves to try and hunt him down shall have disappeared, when the last of the ignoble souls which so rancorously assailed him shall have gone to its damnation, then will this nation begin to understand that a divine voice spoke to it through human lips; then will it begin to comprehend the great lessons which that voice sought to teach. And, even if it should not be so; if posterity should again be false, as it often has been to the memory of its benefactors, then may Mr. Gladstone appeal with calm confidence to a higher and mightier tribunal, from which, indeed, judgment will have issued long before the mind of posterity is consulted—nay, which has already given judgment, and written it in letters of gold on the roll of the immortals—and that tribunal is the throne of the Eternal.

## NOTES AND QUERIES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

### QUERIES.

1. Can any of your enlightened correspondents inform me as to the probable origin of an old county family of the extraordinary name of Smith, who once resided in some part of Lancashire, and if any of their descendants are at present existing in the county?—A. S. S.
2. My little boy, who is about ten months old, has very often lately repeated the word "Bo." Can the etymology or signification of that expression be traced, and is the word of pure Saxon derivation, or from any other root?—B. SOPHTED.
3. Is there any doubt of the derivation of "Millgate" as being from the old Corn Mill in its vicinity, and whence comes the name of "Cheetham Hill."—LONORAMUS.
4. Being in company with several scientific gentlemen last night at the — club, I heard some observations on the subject of the earth's

major axis. Has this any reference to the moon? If so, will any of your learned friends be kind enough to drag her in by her horns and make her explain herself?—LUNATIC.

5. Can you inform me, through your valuable page of "Notes and Queries," how long it is since gas was first introduced, and whether it was known to the Ancients?—NOCTURNUS.

### REPLIES.

#### 1.—ORIGIN OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

The origin of the Smith family is not entirely unknown: in fact, a well-authenticated legend traces it back to Adam, who is stated to have occupied part of his valuable time in naming his future descendants, and, suddenly stopping in the process, exclaimed—"Let all the rest be called Smith!" This, however, proves that some families, at least, were more ancient than the Smiths, and we have positive record that none of that name were in the ark with Noah, but their antiquity is unquestionable. As to their present whereabouts, a minute study of the Lancashire Directory very probably would find a few of the family still scattered about the towns and villages of the county palatine.—ISABEL SHANKS.

#### 2.—THE WORD "BO."

It is a matter of great regret that the primitive language of infants is so little understood that all which can be done to elucidate it is lost in conjecture. It would be a great boon to mankind if some philologist would make it a competitive study at one of our universities, as it would throw a great light on the working of the infant mind, which is a subject at present shrouded in mystery. The word "Bo" is common to most infants, and certainly must mean something, but whether the root is Greek, Latin, Saxon, Hebrew, Celtic, or Gaelic, is of small importance to the child, if it can only obtain the piece of sweets or the toy which it points at whilst uttering it. It was once, on the authority of Ben Jonson, a test of the superiority of intellect, to be able to say "Bo" to a goose (by the bye, how many of my readers would be glad to be able to utter that monosyllable to the bird in question during the present season), and I stand upon that test when I salute your correspondent "B. Sophted," with "Bo."—ANSER.

#### 3.—ORIGIN OF "MILLGATE."

There cannot be a reasonable doubt as to the origin of "Millgate." The old supposition of the corn-mill having anything to do with it is too foolish to be thought of. It is, undoubtedly, a corruption of Saint Amelia's or "Milly's" Gate; and the old chapel of St. Amelia must have stood in Amelia's or "Milly's" Brow, now called Mill Brow. Cheetham Hill takes its name from the fact that a tribe of Bohemians or Gipsies was once located near the spot where now stands St. Luke's Church, and whose rogueries were so notorious that the rising ground on which their camp was pitched was named "Cheat 'em Hill," and from their begging propensities the spot where they were located is called "Alms Hill" even yet. DIONYSIUS.

#### 4.—THE EARTH AND THE MOON.

Being a great astronomical authority myself, I can safely assert, for your correspondent's edification, that "Major Axis" has nothing at all to do with the moon, nor ever had an appointment in that luminary. His military career is not known sufficiently well to admit of comment, but I suppose that at present he is in command of some post of observation in the Afghan war. As to "dragging the moon by her horns"—is your correspondent so ignorant as to suppose that the moon has any horns at all? Her crescent appearance is simply the effect produced by the relative positions of the sun and the moon, and her horns always point upwards. I have discovered that fact myself. It is true that Galileo Copernicus, Newton, Herschel, and a lot more of those astronomical humbugs, taught the world to believe the horns of a new moon pointed one way, and those of a waning moon the opposite way; but I have changed all that, and put the moon on an improved system, and any deviation from my assertions on the part of Madame Lunar is all moonshine. C. ROLLEY POLEY.

#### 5.—GAS.

It is not precisely ascertained when gas, as an illuminating medium, first saw the light, but it was somewhere about the year 1805, or a few years earlier or later. From the frequency which Sophocles displays in the use of the word γᾶς, it is highly probable that its use was known to the Greeks; but that its preparation was one of those arts which was lost in the general wreck of their empire, I cannot enlighten "Nocturnus" further. JEWITT.

## DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

## THE THEATRES.

## THE YELLOW DWARF AT THE ROYAL.

UNLESS the hard times we are now passing through should greatly affect the number of theatre-goers during these Christmas holidays, we may safely venture to predict that the *Yellow Dwarf* will be one of the most popular pantomimes ever produced in Manchester. There is plenty of fun in it; there are lots of songs, excellent scenery and scenic surprises, gorgeous dresses and displays, clever performers, and, most of all, an action never flagging and never wearying.

We are told by some of those who are in the midst of a rapturous study of nursery literature, that there are two or three versions of the *Yellow Dwarf*, and those who are more learned than we confess ourselves, will probably know which version is selected for the pantomime, when we say that this particular dwarf lives only that he may persecute "Princess Allfair" (Miss Marie Stevens) by his attentions and intentions, and perpetually mar the happiness of poor "King Aureole," a lively and entertaining young prince, who is the happy lover of the said gentle princess. The Dwarf (Mr. Britton) is a mis-shapen, ugly monster, of saffron hue and bilious temperament, who, of course, only inspires fear and horror in the breast of the fair one, and who out of revenge for this natural feeling brings about all the troubles that the pantomime unfolds.

From the first scene, *The Dwarf's Domain*, we are, by a dexterous change, instantaneously taken to the Portico of Queen Rosinosi's Residence, where we are introduced to "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee" (Messrs. H. and A. Raynor), the ministers of finance and patronage, two lithe eccentric personages, habited in the peculiar costume of music hall grotesques, who seem to be absolute reservoirs of restlessness and fun; whenever they are on the stage, and they are seldom absent, they are at their little games, "enjoying" themselves or remarking on the "enjoyment" of any other character who may be in peculiarly unhappy circumstances. In this scene a number of suitors arrive to claim the hand of the Princess, and in the next, *The Porcelain Palace*, all present their compliments and their presents. They are "Rajah Sootie," a Hindoo potentate (Mr. J. W. Wallace); "King Peppermint" (Mr. B. Pedley), "King Icicle" (Mr. E. Edmonds), King Kohinoor (Mr. J. W. Clayton), and "Aureole," King of the Golden Mines (Miss Bessie Bonehill). Each of these suitors are rejected summarily, until it comes to "Aureole's" turn. He is too fascinating to be refused, and the Princess, whose heart has hitherto been proof against everything but old China, and who has spurned all mankind, is overcome. An important figure in this scene is "Queen Rosinosi," the mother of the Princess, a part filled with much spirit by Mr. Arthur Roberts. This gentleman, by the fun he infuses into the part, by his songs, grimaces, and excellent burlesque, contributes in a very marked degree to the success of the pantomime. While all is happiness between the youthful lovers is of course the opportunity for "Gamboogie," the Dwarf, which is duly taken advantage of. Then we have a unique exhibition of "White Dresden" China, by the ladies of the ballet, who, attired in antique costumes wholly of white, with white wigs and whitened faces, are posed about the stage, under the white glare of the electric light, thrown upon them from the front of the gallery, as charming China groups. This most effective scene met, on Saturday, with marked approval. The groups look so statuesque and so really beautiful that one half regrets to see them leap down from their pedestals and join in a stately minuet, the only dance suited to the dignity of Dresden figures. Next we have a representation of the royal kitchen, where the Queen is busy making pastry, which "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee" are flattening out by rolling upon, and we have abundance of the rough merriment common to such scenes; then comes a Picnic in the Valley of Palms, a beautifully-painted scene by Mr. W. E. Spong, where the Queen has the bad taste to drink too much wine, and is left sleeping on the sward after the rest of the revellers have departed. While she slumbers, an effective chorus, "Leave 'ar, leave 'ar," is sung to the popular negro melody given here some months ago in the drama of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to the words "E-va, E-va." No sooner, however, have they left 'ar than up rises, in an orange tree, the hateful "Gamboogie," who pelts the Queen with his golden fruit, until he succeeds in waking her. Then, having terrified her by his lions, which he calls from the forest for the purpose, he enforces a promise that the Princess shall be his bride, and in the next scene the sad news is broken to the Princess, but at the critical moment, a protecting fairy interposes a "Veil of Vapour," and an entirely novel and effective veil it is, which, wafting away, finds us transported to *The Basaltic Grottoes* by Moonlight (Spong). This change comes so

unexpectedly, that the audience has to pause a moment before it can recover itself so far as to cheer. Poor "Aureole's" troubles are not over, for we find him imprisoned in the cavern dark, but the fairy still attends him, and after several more scenes of difficulty and danger, his trials are overcome, the wicked one is foiled, and virtue is triumphant. It is unnecessary to detail the steps by which this delightful consummation is attained, everyone must see it for himself. In the later scenes, the Grand Ballet of the Furies is the most signal event. In this we have an admirable opportunity of witnessing how wonderfully well adapted the electric lamp is for the display of colours; the dancers are attired in brilliant dresses of every hue, which the light shows with a perfection impossible in gaslight. This is particularly apparent with the violets, which are completely "killed" by gas. The transformation scene is much more successful than those costly but uninteresting spectacles usually are, and the evening closes with a short harlequinade, which, with all the old bang-about of clown and pantaloon, is made to represent the various stages of a journey to Paris, including the sea voyage, and by a novel contrivance, actually giving us a tossing on the briny deep. With a few nights' practice, this pantomime may be expected to become the perfection of such entertainments.

## GOODY TWO SHOES AT THE QUEEN'S.

Mr. Forsyth has succeeded in writing a really interesting and smart pantomime for the Queen's. Judging from its reception on Saturday night, *Goody Two Shoes* is destined to have a long and successful run. It is hardly too much to say that all the parts are well performed, Miss Alice Aynsley Cook and Mr. Joseph Bracewell appearing to greatest advantage. Music, scenery, dresses, are excellent. The piece never lags and the fun never flags. Both Mr. J. C. Emerson, the manager, and Mr. Forsyth, the author, came in for quite an ovation.

## FOR THE NEW YEAR.

GATHER! gather, fast and proudly,  
Gather! gather! worth and beauty,  
Blow the trumpet, blow it loudly,  
Sound the call of love and duty!

Master strong from tower and hamlet,  
Rouse, ye dwellers in the valley:  
Come at noonday, come by starlight,  
Closely round the standard rally.

Assemble ye of great renown,  
To whom the simple truth is dear,  
Upon whose brow there sits a frown  
When base hypocrisy draws near.

Come not to spill the blood of youth,  
Or with your own make red the sod;  
But come to battle for the truth,  
To side with man and fight for God.

Too long has mind been bound by creeds  
Which all its highest powers destroy;  
They foster words, but wither deeds,  
And fill the world with cant's alloy.

There was a time when some men said  
It was their due with cruel chains  
To bind the limbs of man and maid  
Regardless of their groans and pains.

But mental slavery is worse,  
And harder far it is to bear,  
For thought becomes a woe and curse  
When not unfettered as the air.

Avaunt! ye base and servile crew,  
Who would man's sacred rights assail,  
Though in the end what's good and true  
Shall o'er your sophistries prevail.

The world is scaling higher heights  
Than those whereon our fathers' trod—  
And now's the hour to claim your rights,  
Ye freeborn sons of sovereign God.

Arouse all ye of earnest mind,  
To whom truth's triumphs bright appear,  
Whose faith's so strong it cannot find  
In honest doubt a cause of fear.

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# JACKDAW

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FOR  
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ETC., ETC.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Mayor of Manchester has fallen foul of the *Examiner*.

That it is all over the distress.

That His Worship thinks the *Examiner* believes that he underrates the amount of suffering in our midst.

That Mr. Alderman Grundy has himself to blame for this.

That, while his letter to the Lord Mayor of London contained much that was manly, it certainly did strike most persons as being an attempt to represent the distress as less severe than it actually is.

That, of course, anything like a panic is to be avoided.

That the plain, bold figures speak for themselves.

That, already, some thirty thousand persons are receiving relief in Manchester and Salford.

That no good can come from wrangling and quarrelling over the business.

That the *City Jackdaw* is quite certain that the City Mayor will do his duty wisely and well during the crisis.

That if every person has not had Christmas fare this year, there has, at least, been no lack of Christmas weather.

That the frost and the snow have proved too much for the tramways.

That—why isn't steam power substituted for horse power?

That the block on our tramway lines has been as great, and very likely as inconvenient, as the block on the railway lines in the North of Scotland.

That once more the pantomimes are in full swing.

That *The Yellow Dwarf* at the Royal and *Goody Two Shoes* at the Queen's were capital to begin with; and rumour has it that *Puss in Boots* at the Prince's is improving nightly.

That the Amerer has taken leg bail.

That we almost pity the poor soul—it was not him that we were after; it was only a "scientific frontier."

That a requisition should be got up at once pledging those electors who sign it to vote for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Jacob Bright at the next election.

That, if the whole city cannot be canvassed for the purpose, places might be appointed in each ward where the requisition could be seen and signed.

That the *City Jackdaw* hopes to see this done.

## SHORTHAND WRITERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE annual conversazione in connection with Manchester and Salford Shorthand Writers' Association, was held at the Young Men's Christian Association-rooms the other evening. After tea, an address was given by Mr. W. E. A. Axon, President of the Association. He referred to the advantages arising from the use of shorthand writing in these times, to the daily supply of information furnished by the newspapers depending upon this art, and showed what a blank would be left in social life were the art of shorthand writing to be lost or discontinued. By the aid of a valuable collection of old shorthand books he showed that this art was not of so modern a date as some people imagined. The books, belonging to Mr. J. Eglington Bailey, of Stretford, and lent by him for the occasion, were a collection of the earliest works on shorthand up to the present time. These were inspected by the members during the interval in the meeting. Mr. Sager, who had lectured on the preceding evening on the Microphone, kindly exhibited that instrument, and gave a brief account of its invention. Mr. W. G. Willot and Mr. E. Romaine Callender each gave a reading, and music and singing occupied the remainder of the evening. We wish the shorthand writers every success.

## BEING YOUR OWN BANKER.

PERSONS possessed of money scarcely know how or where to turn themselves just now. A Preston farmer the other day drew £750 in notes from his bank, fearing for the safety of his deposit. He then secreted the money in a hole under the stairs of his house. He came a few days after to look for his property, and learned a rather expensive lesson in the manners and customs of animals. A family of industrious mice had constructed a commodious residence with a portion of the notes, and had fared sumptuously every day on the rest. Our P. D. says he does not see why a higher state of morality should be expected on the part of mice than is sometimes shown by Bank directors.

## A LYING SPIRIT.

HERE is a noble Statesman who  
Mistook his true vocation—  
A Jesuit priest's had been for him  
A fitter occupation.

A lying spirit is abroad,  
But lest I'm much mistaken,  
Another of the self-same sort  
At home his post has taken.

And round about the Cabinet  
In airy glee he flutters,  
And prompts our noble Statesmen in  
All speeches that he utters.

With secret plot, and equivocal,  
Poor John Bull's wits he dazes;  
'Tis easy whilst his mind's misled  
With anti-Russian crazes.

But really one is tempted much  
To laugh till one's asthmatic,  
To see him try his shallow tricks  
Upon an Asiatic.

'Tis time, methinks, that Englishmen  
Revive their old tradition,  
To speak the truth, and stand by it,  
Whatever their position.

In honour's path their safety lies,  
And useless is this trying  
To palm on us as Statesmanship  
What honest men call lying.

Why is Lord Beaconsfield better qualified to charm the world than was Orpheus of old? Orpheus had only one lyre, while Lord B. has a Cabinet full.

An affectionate mother bewails the loss of one of eight children, because "there was just enough for a cotillion, and they did dance so prettily."

If you want the perfection of discord, take a berth in an Irish steamer, on a stormy night, with pigs on board. One trial will be enough, and one that you will not forget.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.



## SNOWDROPS AND SNOWFLAKES.

(BY LEONARD BRIGHT.)

*Concluded from last week's "City Jackdaw."*

## CHAPTER III.—MADNESS.

**A**LTHOUGH I had come to love the place, if not the people, I felt that the best thing I could do now was to get away from the scenes of my childhood and youth with as little delay as possible. With that object, I had everything disposed of soon after father's funeral; and, all creditors satisfied, some £50 remained as my portion.

The one consideration which weighed strongly in favour of my staying as long in the place as I could was this—that I had not received another letter from Harry, and I feared that changing my quarters meant I should probably never hear from him or see him again.

But George Beaumont—who was almost recovered from his injuries, slight at the worst—was still hovering about me like a bird of prey. He had feigned great kindness for me so well since father's death that I almost began to think him a friend, after all. In my calmer and better moments, however, I abhorred the man. There was nothing really noble about him, and I did not need an angel to come all the way from Heaven to assure me that it was my duty and my interest to avoid him.

The resolution was come to, therefore, that I must quit the district altogether, leaving the re-union of Harry and myself to luck, or chance, or Providence, or death, or anything else that might direct our destinies or steer our steps.

Nor, laying aside all weak, though pleasing and popular sentimentalities, was there anything or anyone in the place that made my going a thing of regret and pain.

The only thing I could be said to love among those I was about to leave was Mary Somerset, one of nature's grandest girls, who had for two or three years been a servant in our family.

I know it is not counted proper to say a good word about servants now-a-days. Were I to say that maids are often, perhaps generally, as good in most ways as their mistresses, I would be put down by many as a heretic. Well, I am willing to be so regarded; for I do say it. I am further of opinion that servants are very much what they are made. Bad mistresses turn the best maids into bad ones. Complaints about the prevalence of bad servants imply that the number of bad mistresses is large.

Mary Somerset, however, was a model of a girl. The reader may smile at this, imagining that, in speaking well of her, I am, after the assertions just made, in reality praising myself. Nothing of the kind, for Mary exercised a better influence upon me than I did upon her. While I had greater decision of character than she, and while I was probably as straightforward and frank, she certainly had the advantage over myself in simplicity of mind and warmth of heart.

To know her was to love her. Indeed, she was everybody's darling. In addition to that, she was popularly known as "The Belle of the Parish." With her finely chiselled face, her long black hair, her splendidly-built figure and eloquent eyes that I have never seen equalled, I don't wonder at the place she held either as a Beauty or in the hearts of half the young men of the village.

For Mary and myself to be separated was to me a real grief, and this feeling was reciprocated on her part. Standing towards each other, not in the relation of Mistress and Maid, but that of bosom friends long accustomed to speak of things to each other which were too secret and sacred to be whispered into other than friendly ears—no wonder that our young hearts smarted under this new trial.

But there was no help for it. Part we must. Part we did.

"Good-bye, Mary," I gasped.

"Good-bye, Miss Latimer," she said, great glittering beads gliding down her rosy cheeks.

"We'll meet again!" were my last words, as the train moved away, bearing me off to new scenes and leaving Mary Somerset at the modest little railway station we knew so well.

We did meet again, years afterwards, as the reader will find, though under far other circumstances.

At nine o'clock the same evening I reached my journey's end—a fashionable watering-place on the East Coast.

The season was at its height. The change interested me at first. But I soon got wearied of it, and, moreover, my small resources were being rapidly exhausted.

What was I to do? Teach, I could not and would not. Never had I

been in such a strait before; yet even now I soon made up my mind, rapidity of resolution and strength of will being two of my strongest points.

Thoughts of Birmingham suddenly presented themselves—Birmingham, of which I had heard so much in our quiet Worcestershire village—Birmingham, where women are as independent and necessary as men; and at once I determined to seek my fortune in this great toy shop of the world.

Next week you might have found me behind the counter in what was then, and may be still, the most fashionable refreshment-house in New Street. The change was a great one, but necessity owns no law and knows no mercy.

With a young and, some said, a decidedly pretty face, I soon became, or seemed to become, a "favourite" with many of the younger, and most of the older "swells," of Birmingham. Yet what was I to them, or they to me? Nothing. They knew not my sorrows and hopes, and I had no ambition to know theirs. While appearing to flirt with them, my thoughts were far away, centred in Harry Walton.

The day preceding Christmas Day soon came round. It was market day in Birmingham, the town was full of strangers, and we were unusually busy. About five o'clock several young gentlemen dropped in to our place for dinner. One of the number attracted my attention at once; but, happily, he did not notice me.

It was George Beaumont. The party was attended to by another of our "young ladies." So far, all well; but as they were leaving Beaumont recognised me, and, as I was proceeding to my lodgings that night, about ten, he met me and spoke to me.

My hatred thawed under his studied words, my strength of will was shattered by his seeming kindness, and next day—Christmas—was spent at Stratford-on-Avon in George Beaumont's company.

At times it was one of the happiest days of my life, for he had much to tell me of my native village and its people; but at others it was the blackest day in the calendar of my existence.

And oh! that night! God grant that no reader of this narrative may pass such a Christmas night!

In thus tolerating George Beaumont, let alone walking and talking with him, I had done Harry Walton and myself an unutterable and ineffaceable wrong. So I thought. Remorse took possession of me and appeared gnawing at my heart and drinking my life's blood like a deadly vampire.

"Oh! wretch that I was," I thought. "Better a thousand times that I had never seen the light of God's sun or felt the influence of God's life than this should have happened! I knew I had had grave blemishes all along. I was self-opinionative, headstrong, haughty. But previous to this I had, at least, played no hypocrite's part.

For a few hours "pleasure" I had earned a life's pain; for one day's so-called "enjoyment" I must reap an eternity of Hell's penalties.

"Merciful Heavens," I prayed, "will you not in love strike me dead, so that I may get away from the anguish of the passing Present even though that of the endless Future be greater than it?"

It was in vain. No thought, no memory, no resolution brought relief, let alone comfort. Each pant of my heart, each throb of my brain, seemed to say that henceforth and for ever inexpressible woe was laid up in store for me.

"Harry Walton—were he here?" I moaned.

This thought was the sharpest poignard of them all, piercing my heart anew, deeper and deeper at each repeated thrust. Poor Harry! I had been cruel to myself; crueler to him in speaking kindly to George Beaumont, Harry Walton's rival, and the cause of all his and my ruin.

No doubt I was magnifying what most would put down as only a slight indiscretion. But I could not help magnifying it.

The temperament of the mind, like the temperature of the atmosphere, is as unsearchable in its causes and ways as it is variable in its nature.

Tossed about like pieces of down in the air, we are now on the mountain-tops of the world's Pisgahs, the combined powers of pleasure and hope swelling our souls with sweetest songs; and anon we find ourselves in the earth's Golgothas, our souls shrivelled and sad under the crushing weight of wrongs and woes.

The latter was my condition that night.

At times, too, the mind reeled as on the eve of falling from its seat. Memory had lost its power, and, uncertain in its movements as a child, rushed hither and thither without let or hindrance.

The horrid idea took away my breath and seemed in death-throes with my very life.

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I had seen too much of madness not to be afraid of it. Years before, in the company of a friend, I had visited two of the largest and best-known lunatic asylums in the country. What I saw then could never be forgotten—women, men, strong as others physically, undergoing tortures far more terrible than those of the Inquisition, goaded constantly, without prospect of deliverance, by the sharp and poisoned lances of hellish and bitter recollections and hopeless futures.

"And is it this I am coming to? Am I trembling over this precipice of lunacy, about to have happiness and hope dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks beneath?"

Drawing my hand across my brow, then putting my fingers through my hair, I had to think—think hard and long—before I could be certain where I was.

And strange wild thoughts kept sweeping through my brain, like ungoverned steeds. One moment my head felt cold as ice, dead as a piece of stone; the next, it seemed on fire, the flames leaping from one part of it to another, and unshapely figures laughing at my despair.

There had been a time in my experience—just when it first flashed upon me that life, at the sunniest and best, is a hard, up-hill battle—when I almost wished I were insane. The fancy even seized me that people admittedly mad, delivered from all ordinary restraints, were the proud possessors of a freedom which society forbids and for which I sighed.

"But if this be madness which is fast laying hold upon me," I now prayed, "God save me from it!"

Then, trembling, I subjected myself to a number of tests, in order to ascertain whether I was really losing my senses.

Listening to the sounds floating into my room from the street, I satisfied myself that I could at least distinguish between the tread of a man and the tramp of a horse, between the voice of a child and that of old age.

So far well. But could I remember events that had happened long ago or assign to each its proper locality and date?

Then the memory broke loose once more from its moorings and drifted over the surface of the stormy Past and not less tempestuous Present, like a vessel which has lost its rudder and on whose deck lies a crew of corpses.

"Oh! my God!" I cried, rolling from the sofa and falling heavily on the floor.

How long I lay there I know not; but when consciousness began to return I picked up a newspaper that lay on the table and commenced glancing over its pages.

"The Extensive and Extraordinary Forgery on a Bank." This heading attracted my attention.

The alleged crime was committed in a large North-Eastern seaport, and it was stated at the end of the report that the prisoner was committed to take his trial at the Assizes.

The prisoner was Harry Walton!

Yet I was better now. I soon made up my mind what I should do. The avalanche of madness which so lately threatened to fall upon me had disappeared under this new sorrow which rushed in like a mighty flood, and promised to mark an era in my life; but whether for better or worse I knew not.

#### CHAPTER IV.—DEATH IN A GARRET.

But why linger over what followed? Harry Walton was found guilty, although protesting his innocence, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

As the warders led him away to the cells, I swooned in the gallery of the Court.

Next week I was in London, hoping to bury my misery in that wild whirlpool of wretchedness and wickedness.

I had been there some eight years, working hard and hopelessly as a needlewoman.

"Oh! lady, would you please to come and see a poor friendless creature who's a-dyin' fast?" said a deformed old hag, addressing me as I walked along a main thoroughfare, one snowy, cold December night at this time.

"I visit a death-bed?" I thought to myself as I moved on, slackening my pace only a little.

"You would not go?" said the hag, in a voice as hard as a file and as grating to the ear as the sound of that instrument when sharpening the teeth of a saw.

"I cannot, my good woman."

"Ah! cruel lady, you're young, and so is she. Come, come; nobody

knows 'er, and you yourself may want someone just to look in and comfort you a bit when you're a-goin'."

Encouraged, no doubt, by the hesitation I had shown, and, availing herself of the free-and-easy style of doing things among the lowest orders, she grasped my jacket and was dragging me down a dark, descending court.

To resist was possible, but it would have been dangerous, for the decline was decidedly great, and the only lights visible were two or three very dim ones from dirty windows, and one still, more uncertain, from a lamp many yards off, apparently at the end of the court.

"Where are you dragging me?" I asked, cautiously shuffling my feet along the rough pavement, and fearing every moment that I might be plunged over some invisible precipice.

"To the room where she be's a-lyin'," she answered. "When we gets there, you'll see 'ow bad she is. Some of the neighbours—for we're very friendly-wise in these parts—are a-nursin' 'er, and, maybe, lady, you would fetch a doctor or do somethin' for 'er."

"I would rather not go at all," I said, stopping suddenly.

"But you will come—you must come," the aged cripple grunted in her peculiar manner, at the same time giving a pull that made me stagger.

"Loose your hold," I said, sharply; and, suiting the action to the word, I seized her by the wrist and wrenched her fingers from my jacket.

"What's all this—row about?" demanded the drunken voice of a drunken youth who emerged from the surrounding darkness and swaggered up beside us, in his shirt sleeves.

"Oh! it's you, Witch Endor," he said, addressing the hag, "is it? What be's you a-meanin' with all this—noise, disturbin' decent people in their Sunday naps?"

As he said this he forced his hands—considering the great distance they appeared to travel—into the bottomless pockets of his tattered trousers, shrugged his shoulders as one does who is pleased with himself and ready for anything, and peered into my face.

"I raised my hand and would have slapped his cheeks for him had not Witch Endor, as he called her, renewed her hold and pulled me farther down the court.

"You should not be a-hofferin' to strike in places like these be," she said; "for them that does regrets it. But make no more to-do about it, and follow me."

"No," I said, "I must go back."

"You shall not, lady," the witch said firmly, and in harsher tones than ever. "Them as once comes in here must do as they be's told, not as they're be a-wantin'."

Thinking she had thus frightened me into submission, she shook her old head between her camel-humped shoulders and cackled as triumphantly, though not so loudly, as a hen when it fancies it has executed a good morning's work.

By this time we had entered a doorway to which there was no door, and were winding our way up flights of tumbledown stairs. So long, indeed, were we engaged in this latter process that I began to fear the stairs had no top at all.

As we passed door after door, lots of wild, unwashed faces, and a handful of painful pathetic ones, peered out to see who were the authors of the considerable noise which was being made between us, and hoarse, almost unhuman, voices were heard conveying the intelligence, "It's Witch Endor who's got a lady with 'er dressed almost like the Queen herself."

"No, it isn't the Queen," said a child's voice, in answer to one such remark as this; "no, it isn't the Queen, but I knows who it be's."

"It be the Bible woman," replied the child; "I see'd 'er at the Sunday School this very hafternoon, when she spoke kindly to me, put her fingers through my 'air this way, and hasked if I be's a good boy and loves Jesus, which gives us Christmas."

I sighed at the child's mistake and wondered if the Witch, having fallen into a similar error, was about to introduce me as one fitted to administer spiritual comfort to the dying.

There was no time left for these reflections, for the top landing was reached, and we entered a garret, the roof of which was so low that I could stand erect only in the middle of the room.

"A sorry place to live in, and what a place to die in!" were my first thoughts on looking round me.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" gasped Witch Endor, seating herself on the only unoccupied chair in the place; "oh, dear! oh, dear! these stairs does take the wind from the likes o' me."

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Then, pulling a long breath, she added, looking towards the bed: "This is a kind lady, Mary, who's come to see you."

"How very kind! I thank her," replied the occupant of the bed, in the merest whisper.

"Indeed, 'tis kind," said a slatternly, bare-bosomed woman, seated on the second and only other chair in the room. "Will you take my seat?" she added, at the same time rising and waving me to occupy her chair, which was placed near the head of the bed.

I proceeded to do as requested, for the excitement and the long stairs together had also consumed some of my strength.

Stooping to avoid the tiles of the roof, which was innocent of plaster, my head was brought within a few inches of the patient's face.

"Miss Latimer!" she said, in surprise.

"Mary Somerset!" I answered, equally astonished.

"Then you know one another," said Witch Endor, rising.

"Yes," I replied, feeling this might as well, for ought I knew, be a dream as stern fact.

"How strange!" broke in the other woman; "there be's somethin' in Providence, Witch Endor, as I'se been a-sayin' to you more than once."

"You'se be right, Widow Broadfoot," said the witch; "I saw this lady in the street, and somethin' said I must be a-bringin' 'er to see Mary."

Witch Endor and Widow Broadfoot continued their moralisings with spirit. On the part of Mary and myself a silence, like that of the grave, was observed, the difference being that the other two had nothing to say, and kept saying it, while we two had so much to say we could not, dare not, utter it.

Mary Somerset was so weak, too—to all appearance so near death—that she was physically unable to speak much, and when she did speak at all no more than two or three scarcely audible words came from her at a time.

Nevertheless, I picked up the threads of her story before I had been there long.

She had left our native Worcestershire village soon after myself.

Since then her trials had been many and severe. With a fundamentally weak constitution, hardship soon told its tale. It needed only the rains and colds of that severe winter to complete the work of ruin; and a few nights before my visit Witch Endor had picked her up at the mouth of the Court—drenched, tattered, penniless—and carried her into this wretched garret to die.

And now she lay before me, a breathing corpse, consumption doing its deadly work, and her thin lips not more than half-a-dozen inches from the slanting roof, covered outside with snow.

Had she been able for the journey I would have lifted her frail form in my arms and borne it to my poor lodgings.

I was seriously meditating doing so and running the risk when footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

Next minute the door was opened, and two respectable-looking young men and a couple of bonnetless, ill-dressed women entered.

"We've brought down the preachers from the Schoolroom," said one of the latter.

"Glad to see you, gen'llemen," said Witch Endor, making a curtsy wonderfully graceful for her.

One of the men—stout and pleasant-faced—approached the invalid and began to speak, gently and wisely, to the dying woman. He repeated several passages of Scripture bearing upon the hatefulness of sin and the mercifulness of God.

I commenced to experience such an overpowering and personal interest in all he said that I tried in vain to still my troubled heart and keep back the starting tears.

Mary appeared to listen eagerly to every word that was spoken.

"Would you like me to offer up a prayer?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "but," she added, wringing her skeleton hands; "'tis too late to pray for me."

"It's never too late to die, and never too late to commence clinging to Christ," he said, pleadingly.

Down he knelt, his elbows resting on the side of the bed; and then there followed the strangest, most touching, prayer meeting I had ever seen or read of.

And such a prayer as that beardless youth—a working joiner, as I learned afterwards—addressed to the Almighty Father on behalf of poor Mary and all erring ones!

It broke my heart. Even Witch Endor had to apply her dirty apron to her eyes when it was finished.

Before departing, he took Mary by the hand and implored her to see and acknowledge Jesus as her Friend.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling!"—

"Let that be your case, sister, and death and eternity will be robbed of their terrors," he said.

"My hands are covered with blood—human blood," groaned Mary, as the two men, after shaking hands with her and all of us, and promising to return some night soon, left the room.

Nor—poor as they themselves appeared to be—did they forget that Mary had a body as well as a soul; for, giving the lie and setting an example to those who libel religious men such as they—they each, unobserved by the others, handed Witch Endor a shilling with which, as they said, to purchase some little comfort for their suffering sister.

I likewise left soon afterwards, kissing Mary and saying I would see her in good time next morning.

Almost before daylight I was again proceeding down the court on my way to Witch Endor's garret.

Passing one of the doors, Widow Broadfoot came running out, and, recognising me, shook her head and said, "You're too late; the young lady's gone."

"Dead!" I gasped.

"Yes; just as the big clock was a-strikin' twelve."

It was so; and on the following Wednesday all that remained of poor Mary Somerset—the Belle of our Native Parish—was placed beneath the snow in one of the City Cemeteries in the presence of Witch Endor, the two Sunday School teachers, and myself.

And now that my task is almost done—for I have guided the reader through the Past to the Present—I ought to wind up after an orthodox fashion. George Beaumont should be murdered or disgraced; Harry Walton and myself should be married and made happy.

This is what I would do if I were a mere story writer; but as I am not, I can only say what did happen, not what should have happened.

Of George Beaumont I have nothing more to say, for the very good reason that I know no more than this, that his company is still appreciated in quarters where guineas outweigh virtues.

But why trouble my head about him?

What I want to say further is this, than on Christmas Day, 18—, paying a visit to the grave of poor Mary Somerset, I was attracted by a small funeral party which had entered the cemetery about the same time with myself. Following them, I looked into the grave into which the plain coffin was lowered and read the name—

"Harry Walton."

I bore up better than could have been expected. Repeated blows had taken the edge off my feelings.

I soon learned that Harry, having "served his time," had returned to liberty, but not to joy. He had wandered hither and thither in search of me—his Lizzie—and, disappointed, worn-out, and at enmity with the world, at last sickened and died.

I also ascertained, to my perfect satisfaction, that Harry was innocent of the crime of which he had been found guilty.

But, innocent or not innocent, pure or not pure, what does it matter?

Trials lie in the way of all—I fear most in the way of those who are friendless, homeless, helpless, and ready to die—as I am to-day. You have given my story your own title; but I assure you that my life has had little in it or about it of the loveliness, though it may have had much of the pathos, of SNOWDROPS AND SNOWFLAKES.

"I WISH I were a book that I might always have your company," said a lady the other day to her husband, who was very much attached to reading. "Then," said he, "I wish you were an almanack that I could change you once a year."

"JOHN, what do you do for your living?" "Oh, me preach." "Preach, and do you get paid for it?" "Sometimes me get a shilling, sometimes two shillings." "And isn't that mighty poor pay?" "Oh, yes, but it's mighty poor preaching."

"HAVE YOU heard," said Mrs. Lincoln, "that our old friend, Mrs. Cobbs, has been prosecuted for bigamy?" "I have," replied the President, "and am sorry for her, for her crime is that 'She loved not wisely but too well.'"

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## BEACONSFIELD ON THE DEPRESSION IN TRADE.

OUR great respect for the Recorder, Mr. H. W. West, Q.C., forbids the suspicion that he was joking when he made the following remarks in his charge to the Grand Jury, at the City Sessions:—"We had been informed recently, by a very high authority, that, in all probability, we had seen the worst of the depression of trade and commerce, and that we had a prospect of a return of our prosperity. Of course, the Prime Minister had far better means of forming a judgment than we in Manchester could possibly have, and he hoped the Prime Minister had made good use of the information he had acquired, and that the prospect he held out to the country might not prove delusive." If the Prime Minister could have seen the smile that came over the faces of the Grand Jury when these words were uttered, we don't think he would have taken the trouble to thank them for "this expression of confidence in Her Majesty's Government."

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

WHAT is it all about? A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows:—"The use of verbal truth for the purpose of conveying a false impression appears from some recent speeches to be regarded as a quite permissible expedient. Accuracy may supersede veracity in the open judgment of these casuists. When Bliffl related accurately the riotous joy of Tom Jones during his benefactor's illness, he forgot to mention that this joy was occasioned by the physician's having pronounced the patient out of danger. He was a tell-truth in the service of falsehood; but it is S. T. Coleridge's remark:—'Bliffl was not the less a liar for being an accurate matter-of-fact liar.' Let those whom it concerns take this to heart, for honour and baseness cannot dwell in the same breast." All this is evidently intended to be a blow against someone. Will some kind and clever person read the riddle for us?

Mr. P. HOWARD DAVIS, Churton House, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, manufactures "American Lozenges," on which, according to arrangement, he prints any advertisement that may be wanted. The idea is a good one, the lozenges are made of the best materials, and the *City Jackdaw* does not doubt that tradesmen and others will find this a capital way in which to approach the public.

Few men know more about trade and all matters appertaining to trade than Mr. C. M. Palmer, one of the members for North Durham. Speaking the other day, he said that a revival of trade could only be brought about by workmen and employers uniting to secure production at the least possible cost. It was useless to haggle over an hour daily, or 2d. or 3d. per day, when mines and manufactories were being closed in their midst. He did not believe in the cry of protection or over-production, for under free-trade commerce progressed. Production at the minimum of cost would always command the markets of the world. This is right enough as far as it goes; but how could trade be good so long as the Government stir up feelings of distrust and jealousy amongst the nations, and cause commercial men to be afraid to move a step?

INFORMATION wanted! The *Daily Telegraph*—labouring under another severe fit of Delirium Tremens says "it would be interesting to learn what are now the political opinions of the rank-and-file of that which used to be the Liberal party in days when Liberalism was a phalanx of principles and not a mere rabble of emotions. We already know that the section whose head speaks by Mr. Gladstone, and whose tail wags by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Edward Jenkins," &c., &c. Exactly; though it never occurs to the *D. T.* that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may be, and is, a man of much greater ability and probably of higher honour than all the members of its staff put together.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion; when the lawyer observed "that those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

HE was a sharp little fellow. His mother had occasion to thrash him one day. To this Young Hopeful demurred, affirming that only the nurse had a right to punish him, and going to his grandmother he complained that

his mother struck him. "That was right," said she, "if you were naughty; she is your mother, and has a right to whip you if you don't behave." The little fellow, sobbing, asked—"Have mothers a right to strike their children?" "Certainly," she replied. "Are you her mother?" he asked. "To be sure I am." "Well, then," cried he, "hit her!"

WHAT a nice mess the Government made of the proposed Rhodope Grant, announcing it on Friday and withdrawing it on Monday. The London correspondent of the *Evening Mail* speaks of the retreat in this highly philosophical style:—"That the Government did a wise thing in withdrawing the proposed grant to relieve the distress in the Rhodope district is generally believed, although the withdrawal does not imply that the proposal was itself unjustifiable."

MRS. EDDY, of Lincoln, caught her better half kissing the servant girl. The doctor was sent for. He says he can patch up Mr. Eddy's face but he'll always be bald-headed.

"I WAS NOT aware that you knew him," said Tom Smith to an Irish friend the other day. "Knew him," exclaimed he, in a tone that comprehended the knowledge of more than one life-time; "I knew him 'when his father was a little boy.'"

"CUFFEE, which do you tink de most useful of de planets, de sun or de moon?" "Well, Sambo, I tink de moon oter take de fus rank in dat ar 'tickle!" "Wha, wha, wha, why do you tink so, Cuffee?" "Well, I'll tell you—kase she shines by night, when we want light, and de sun shines by day, when we do not!" "Well, Cuff, you is the greatest nigger I knows on—dat's a real fac."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:—

- "Emma."—Thanks.
- "J. M."—How kind.
- "R. T."—Have patience.
- "Jane L."—Leave the wretch.
- "E. M."—We received the goose all right.
- "Necko."—We do not know the source of the illustration.
- "J. R."—The Marquis of Hartington was born July 23, 1833.
- "D. C."—The eldest son has no prior claim in the case mentioned.
- "Mary S."—Think no more about him. He is evidently a bad lot.
- "Reader."—We cannot tell you; ask the trustee in the bankruptcy.
- "Constant Reader."—You must refer to an auctioneer; the charges vary.
- "One in Trouble."—It is illegal to deface coin; you can summon the man.
- "D. J."—We know of no such publication as the "English Draught Player."
- "G. B."—Apply to the secretary of the Delegates for Local Examinations, Oxford.
- "E. A. S."—(1) Yes, if money has been paid within twelve months. (2) We cannot say.
- "C. T."—The property belongs half to the wife and half to the next of kin to the deceased.
- "Sheffield."—A hawk's license can be used only by the person in whose name it is taken out.
- "Business."—We see no reason why the young lady should not be entitled to a quarter's notice.
- "J. H."—If the man sues in the County Court for the amount of the bill, you can then show that it is unreasonable.
- "J. C. W."—The Bank rate is now five per cent; for banking advances 1 per cent above the Bank rate is usually charged.
- "H. T."—We know of no law to prevent a man from carrying a lantern, or lanterns, in the public streets if he is so disposed.
- "D. W."—Your case is the case of hundreds. We need not look for better trade till the nation turns out the present Government.
- "Accountant."—Any person may practise as an accountant. Only a barrister or solicitor can appear in court on behalf of either party to a suit.
- "Seeker."—Biographies of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone have been published by Messrs. Cassell in their series of "Representative Biographies."
- "Mary S."—You are to be pitied. Your heart is evidently a warm heart. Yet you long in vain for some one to love you. There's a better time coming. Cheer up!
- "P. C. C."—It is the same in this as in everything else. Even where the best natural gifts are possessed, patience and perseverance are necessary to success. With practice—paradoxical as it may appear—both your mode of thinking and your style of writing will become at once firmer and freer. Thanks for your contributions so far. We hope to hear from you again, and have no doubt that the object of which you speak will soon be realised.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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- (a) To adopt and carry into effect a contract bearing date the 21st day of September, 1878, and made between James Budd of the one part, and Henry Norton as trustee for and on behalf of the Company of the other part, for the purchase for the sum of £20,000 of the Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, granted to the said James Budd, for an invention of "Improved methods of decorating glass to be used as a substitute for veneers."
- (b) To manufacture make and sell the said decorated glass, and also panels, furniture, mouldings, and other articles of every description, into the composition or construction of which the said decorated glass shall enter either wholly or in part.

The above-mentioned contract is the only one entered into by the Company or the Promoters, Directors, or Trustees thereof, before the issue of this Prospectus, and together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and samples of the Glass Veneer can be seen and prospectuses, forms of application, and all further information obtained at the offices of the Company's Solicitor.

In the manufacture of high-class furniture, inlaid work and internal decorations, the most important element of cost consists in veneering ornamental woods upon common wood surfaces, and polishing such veneers. The expense of making, fixing, and polishing good veneers is so serious that numerous imitations and substitutes have from time to time been introduced, but without satisfactory results. One great objection to wood veneers is that each successive cleaning removes a certain amount of polish, and consequently repolishing is periodically rendered necessary. Moreover, expensive furniture, whether veneered or solid, is daily deteriorated by ordinary use, and frequently damaged by careless handling.

Mr. Budd's invention consists in the production of glass plates or panels covered on one side with an imitation of costly wood, inlaid work, or ornamental designs, while the uncovered side represents the polish. The glass veneer possesses the following advantages. A perfect imitation of any wood can be produced at less than half the cost of wafer veneers. It is more durable and more beautiful than polished wood. It retains an everlasting freshness and diffuses a brilliant light. It is not affected by extremes of heat, cold, or damp, gases, chemical, or other vapours or acids. It is suitable both for interior and exterior decorations, and for the ornamentation of furniture of every description, especially wainscots, cornices, sideboards, desks, counters, office fittings, doors, staircases, hall stands, dining-room tables, and in fact every article which now requires the use of costly woods. It can be used wherever any other veneer can be placed. It can be cleaned as frequently as desired without any injury, and cannot be damaged by ordinary use. For sanitary purposes it is unexcelled. For decorating the doors, walls, floors, and ceilings of carriages, cabins, saloons, houses, hotels, banks, churches, and public and private buildings of all kinds, it is unequalled. It can be cleaned with water in the

same manner as a window, and hence rooms and carriages covered with it can always be preserved perfectly free from damp and in a healthier state than those decorated with wood, paint, or paper. For inlaid work it so far surpasses ordinary veneers that no comparison can be drawn favourable to the old process, and designs may be produced which are quite impossible under the old system. It takes the place of and is in many respects superior to, fresco painting. Frescoes are always liable to crack, to be damaged by cleaning, or by damp or heat, and cannot be removed after having once been placed on a wall or ceiling. The Glass Veneer panels are fully equal in appearance to frescoes, they cannot be injured in any way, being practically indestructible, and they can be removed and used elsewhere. Few things are more provoking than a cracked ceiling, especially where a great outlay has been incurred in decorating it, and yet an uncracked ceiling is to-day a rarity. A ceiling covered with Glass Veneer cannot be cracked, it is superior in appearance to a painted ceiling, and moreover cannot be injured by the vapours or fumes from candles, lamps, or gas. Added to all this the panels can be removed without injury. The Glass Veneer cannot be stained by ink or other fluids, or by finger marks, or otherwise. For chess tables, signs, inlaid lettering, and marqueterie work the Glass Veneer is especially adapted. It can be used in the place of marble slabs in the construction of furniture, and while far cheaper than, and not so liable to breakage as, marble, is much superior to it in ornamentation.

The Glass Veneer is strongly recommended on account of its beauty, durability, cheapness, and cleanliness. It has an infinity of uses, it saves both time and labour, it never looks worn or second-hand, its lustre is lasting, and being practically indestructible, is the only veneer suitable for exterior decoration.

The cost of production of the Glass Veneer is considerably less than one-half the price of the commonest wood veneer. The necessary plant and machinery are comparatively trifling, and unskilled labour is principally employed. Extensive and remunerative orders are daily offered, and the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer can be commenced and proceeded with on a large scale immediately the capital of the company has been subscribed.

The directors point to the foregoing important facts, and have no hesitation in saying that a more genuine or more remunerative investment is seldom met with, and they look forward with the utmost confidence to a very large annual dividend upon the paid-up share capital of the Company.

The Glass Veneer has been largely used in the United States and in Canada for some years, and has given the most complete satisfaction. The Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; The President of the United States Master Carbuilders' Association, and many other gentlemen have written to Mr. Budd in the highest terms of praise of his invention, and numerous American and Canadian newspapers have noticed it most favourably.

The purchase money to be paid for the invention and Letters Patent is £20,000, payable half in cash

and half in fully paid-up shares of the Company. £5,000, being the balance of the paid-up capital of the Company, is required for working expenses.

It should be stated that Mr. Budd has spent upwards of £16,000 and many years of his life in performing numerous costly experiments and so bringing his invention to its present high degree of perfection.

It is proposed to acquire in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, premises suitable for the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer, and to keep in stock panels and made-up furniture of all kinds.

The Company has taken power to issue share warrants payable to bearer, which can be transferred without any deed, notice, or registration whatever.

A Form of Application for Shares is annexed. Should the shares applied for not be allotted, the deposit of £2 per share payable on application will be returned in full. Should a smaller number of shares be allotted than the number applied for, the amount of deposit in excess will be applied towards the payment due to allotment, and the balance (if any) be returned.

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The Companies Acts, 1862, 1867, and 1877.

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Form of Application for Shares.

(To be retained by the Bankers.)

To the Directors of the above-named Company.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the credit of the Company at your bankers the sum of £..... being £2 per share on my application for..... shares of £5 each in your Company, I request you to allot to me that or any less number of the said shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same and to pay the balance in respect thereof, and to be registered as a member of the Company on the terms of the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof.

Name in full.....  
Occupation.....  
Postal Address.....  
Date.....  
Signature.....

**THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.**

Banker's Receipt.

(To be signed and returned to the Applicant.)

Received this.....day of.....187...from Mr.....the sum of £..... in respect of an application for.....shares in the above Company.

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N.B.—This may be forwarded entire to any Branch of the Union Bank of Manchester Limited; or to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. The Banker's Receipt will be returned to the Applicant, and must be preserved in order to be exchanged in due time for share certificates.



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